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Notes of the Week

There may be all sorts of reasons for "General" O'Duffy's sweet reasonableness in calling off Sunday's Church Parade of his Blue Shirt Forces. He may be stricken in his conscience as a Churchman and unwilling to bring the hint of "trouble" to a Church, however political its priests may be, however tyrannous its domination. He may have overcalled his hand and lack the support which he has claimed. He may have other and better ideas, more dangerous to de Valera. He may strike hard and effectively elsewhere with the element of surprise. He may be biding his time. Sunday will show some things and other days the rest.

Meanwhile, the springs of de Valera's enactments and actions seem clear enough. His course is motivated by fear and determined by his masters, the I.R.A. In many curious ways we can find in him, a parallel to the murdered Czar of once Holy Russia. He, too, has weakness and bigotry in him; he too is advised by madmen and in the grip of a system. Personally there is no parallel. The Czar inherited his *damnosa hereditas*; he was amiable, honourable, well-meaning, and loyal. Without the characteristics which he lacked he could not help himself. But here, in Eamon de Valera, is at least a pinchbeck Czar, driven along a course set for him, if also chosen by him, which must also end in ruin for

his country and himself. The pity due to Nicholas need not be wasted on Eamon. But national tragedy is in the making.

"The revolution is over" says Hitler and "the new era, nationalistic Germany has emerged stronger, more self reliant, more head-in-air," and all that. The trouble with the Hail Hitlers and their self-inoculated zealots is that they are holding their heads so high they do not perceive that each succeeding step leads Germany farther into the morass. Nor do they appear to observe that while the rest of the world looked at first on the Hitlerite antics wholly with alarm, it now mingles this alarm with a mixture of pity and derision. Even Kerensky's ludicrous manoeuvres in Russia were not more futile. The danger is that, just as in Russia, this unstable play-acting may have a violent reaction and a regime a thousand times worse than Hitlerism may ensue.

Meanwhile Hitler teaches the German nation to walk their traditional goose-step backwards. According to the Munich correspondent of *The Times*, the entire property of a Jewish merchant now resident in London has been confiscated, on a charge of taking capital out of the country. Other similar charges have been made against other Jews, who have been fined or imprisoned in their absence. Hitlerism, in fact, is getting completely out of hand. Some-

thing must be done about it. *The Saturday Review* is neither Semite nor anti-Semite. We recognise and acknowledge, as all students of history must, the immense debt owed by all Gentiles and Philistines to that indomitable race which has contributed so much to our common heritage of art, music and literature. We recognise, too, that a country which allows its finances to be controlled by those whose interests are racial rather than national is at once in danger. Germany to-day is in no such danger; but there is a grave risk that so long as she pursues, *in rebus Judæis*, her present blind and irrational policy, she will find herself among civilised nations ex-communicate. Sooner or later Hitler or his successors will recognise this; but in the meantime the docile German nation is being led into a wilderness beyond which there is no Promised Land.

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In one and the same moment come a speech by Mr. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and an announcement from Australia. The former is a guarded appeal for immigration into Canada from England; the latter concerns the belated settlement of the grievances and wrongs suffered by English settlers in Australia. No wonder that even Mr. J. H. Thomas is cautious in his enthusiasm for the Beatty speech. We hold strongly that Imperial settlement and orderly emigration on a large scale are essential to the future of our country and its Empire. The cant phrases about "manless lands and landless men" are not all cant. But past experience warns us that there must be a drastic change of heart, mind, and policy in the Dominions before any acceptable plans can be made. They must learn definitely that the exclusive policy of a narrow sort of Trade Unionism can never bring them safety, honour, and profit. We must learn how to send them the right material. But that lesson can be learned easily to-day. This country is glutted with good human material.

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What must strike the "ordinary bloke" as funny about the latest Test Match is the hurry to explain the victory of England and the defeat of the West Indies. It is right and proper to sympathise with losers and to bind up the wounds of their self-esteem. But there is here little sense in going outside the customary explanation of victory in a game. The best side won. And were there any Englishmen or any West Indians who really expected England to lose a Test Match? Our visitors played with skill, courage and energy. They were a very good side. But not quite up to Test Form. Which is not surprising.

#### There's a Reason

The long awaited proposals for reforming the Polish constitution, by establishing the Senate on an entirely new basis have now been published. It is suggested by the leaders of the Government bloc, that the next Senate shall be a body of the élite, elected as to two thirds by members of the Order of the "Virtuti Militari" and of the "Cross of Independence." The new Senate therefore would be a complete Pilsudski body.

#### An Eye to the Future

The fact is that the leaders of the Government bloc realise that the Marshal cannot live for ever. They themselves have not the prestige with the public which he holds. Therefore they are desirous that the constitution shall be modelled now while the Marshal is alive, on lines which will ensure a continuity of the Marshal's policy. With an active Senate responsible directly to the President of the Republic, this would be very largely attained.

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It is well to know that police and A.A. patrols are on the look-out for a man who has been holding up women motorists near and about the Salisbury district. For the new High Toby, which shows a recrudescence, must be stamped out as was the old. We need not use the gallows, but we can use the "cat." This particular highwayman, dressed in overalls, calls to his victim to stop telling her that there is something seriously wrong with her car and volunteering to put the matter right.

#### Tobias and the Angel

But, although we must certainly hope that the police and the patrols will protect her, we have ourselves a word of advice for this sort of motorist. Firstly, if she is competent to drive a car—as, no doubt, she is—she should be sensible enough to realise that mechanics do not roam along country roads in overalls on the chance of helping lone women whose cars may, or may not break down. Secondly, she is hardly the best person to be on the road at all if, after a shortish journey, she can really believe a stranger who tells her that her car is not fit to be on the road. Thirdly, why not a truncheon or a tyre lever?

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According to statistics, there are a million tuberculous cattle in England: in other words 40 per cent. of our milking cows suffer from the disease. Sir Frederick Hobday, Principal of the Royal Veterinary College, is responsible for this statement and he adds that an investigation of some 1,200 cases of human tuberculosis shows that 87.5 per cent. of infections in the neck glands of children up to five years old and 61.3 per cent. of those between five and ten were due to bovine bacilli: in 476 cases of bone and joint tuberculosis, 28.7 per cent. of children under five and 23.1 per

#### T.B. and the Cow

cent between five and ten were due to this same cause. "All these infections," writes Professor Hobday, "were preventible, if only the source of origin (the tuberculous cow) was effectively dealt with."

Yet there is no need for the perpetuation of this scourge. We know for instance of a herd in Wiltshire which over many years has never had a reaction to the T.B. test. As Sir Frederick points out, the pecuniary aspect of this problem should be set aside as of secondary importance and the law should be strengthened, while doctors should insist on tubercle-free milk for the hospitals as well as for their private patients. It is amazing, he adds, how very few are the hospitals which insist upon their milk supply being derived from tuberculin-tested cows.

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It was Dr. Johnson who ungenerously opined that while in England oats are food for horses, men in Scotland make a meal of porridge off them. Yet for all the jibe, oats are still the basis of Scots cropping. And the Sassenach shooting grouse in the midst of record sport sees new fields under corn all round him. It's the quota of course: Perth alone shows 20,000 additional acres. And it will continue until Canada's surplus sales here are controlled. That's Major Elliot's next job of work. Granted that, Scottish farms are held to be worth taking up in the opinion of a shrewd surveyor and valuer. He looks, as does high Ministerial authority, for a 25 per cent. increase in values in two to three years' time.

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The mess that the international carrying trade is in, due to national shipping subsidies, is unpleasantly illustrated by the squabbles of the North Atlantic Conference. And the English owners are in a fix. If they break the ring there is a battle royal and they go to the wall as the weaker must: their vessels are too many and too old. If they go on, they see the big foreign and Dominion owners skimming the cream. The crux lies in the "tourist thirds," the one-class liner of comfort but of slightly less than racing speed. The obvious remedy is to lower the prices in the older and bigger vessels; at once they become uneconomic. Their prestige gets them a certain revenue still; reduce them to "Britannic" levels and no one will go by them. Another problem is raised by the new building threatened on all sides. If we build 70,000 ton Cunarders, the C.P.R. is to repeat the "Empress of Britain."

And as for a Government subsidy, is British finance capable of adding to the recent Austrian Loan, India's implied guarantees, Newfoundland, etc?

So Sir John Ellerman left behind him some seventeen million pounds sterling, "so far as can be at present ascertained."

### The Ellerman Will

The cautionary phrase is understood to mean that there are quite a number of millions yet to be discovered, and that his total assets were about thirty millions. Apart from a few legacies and charitable bequests, half of this colossal sum goes to his son, and half to you and me. In fact, the State picks up enough to knock sixpence off the income-tax, and, sooner or later—probably later—the State will be bound to do so. Many will think that he might have made a more imaginative will. There is hardly any limit to what he might have done with so many millions to play with. Like Rhodes, he might have secured such earthly immortality as is open to man. Instead, he modestly preferred to leave a trifle to all his fellow subjects. In fact, a patriotic will, for which the testator deserves more gratitude than he will probably receive.

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The Government propose, if the Air Disarmament Conference fails, to order immediately one hundred interceptor fighting aeroplanes, probably of the Hawker Rolls-Royce "Super Fury" type. Armed with machine guns, and capable of a speed of 250 m.p.h., they will be the fastest and most efficient fighting aircraft in the world. And none too soon either. It is high time that our ridiculous and ignominious position—we are fifth in air strength—was remedied. But what a lot of humbug, hypocrisy and cant has been preached before this eminently sensible decision was taken! Everyone knew from the start that the Disarmament Conference, like every other of Mr. MacDonald's wild and woolly ideas, was bound to be a failure. You cannot run counter to the twin impregnabilities of commonsense and human nature. And it is neither commonsense, nor within the ordinary practice of human nature, to persuade a collection of nations, each jealous of the other, to abandon their natural and rightful forms of defence.

Just as the large standing Army of France has been the sole guarantee of peace in Europe during the past ten years, so an enormously improved and efficient British Air Force of the future may become the policeman of the world. Thus the British Navy for the past century has kept the peace of the seas. It has prevented innumerable wars, wars of whose imminence the man in the street never dreamed at the moment, unfought wars of whose roots and causes the Socialists and pacifists of to-day are completely ignorant.

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One point about this proposed addition to the Royal Air Force is worth noting. It is that the



### Thanks to Lady Houston

machines will be powered by Schneider Trophy engines. If Mr. MacDonald reflects it may cross his mind that the development of these engines, now the finest of their kind in the world, was directly due to the assistance and encouragement given to the Royal Air Force by Lady Houston at the moment when his pacifist principles threatened to deprive this country of its final and crowning victory and to rob the aero-engine industry of its chance of proving the worth of engines and machines which were the fruit of years of research and of more than one man's life.

No money was ever better spent in the national interest than that hundred thousand pounds. It laid the final stone on a great experimental structure of research and development. The result now is that within two years we may reasonably promise ourselves an Air Force second to none in efficiency, if not in actual numbers. The Air Force will mean to this country in years to come all that the Navy meant in the past. Apparently, under pressure from more experienced minds, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has come at last reluctantly to yield to the necessity of safeguarding the lives, property and prestige of the British Empire. What Lady Houston dreamed of in 1929 is coming true in 1934.

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### Love

A grace and a charm no other can see

Love will find;

To a fault or a blemish that strikes you and me

Love is blind! LUCY HOUSTON.

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In the golden days of Athens, jury duty was a privilege which provided the citizen with a living wage and endless entertainment. The Athenian was a born juror. In our days the juror's lot is less desirable: indeed it may become intolerable. Thus in what is known as the Fire Conspiracy Case, which has lasted for over six weeks, Mr. Justice Humphreys remarked in his summing-up: "I am inclined to think that the limit of human endurance has already been reached in this case. . . . It is no light thing to ask of twelve citizens that, without reward, without even being paid their out-of-pocket expenses, they should be detached from their ordinary avocations for such a period." Every person on the jury list should thank his lucky stars that he has escaped this fate, and it is to be remembered that both sexes are concerned. Surely, even in these days of bankruptcy, it is within our means to provide reasonable compensation for those who have to make very real sacrifices to carry out a public duty. Surely jurors taken for weeks from their work might receive at least the equivalent in purchasing value of the Athenian three obols.

### Three Obols

The erstwhile beautiful simplicity of atomic theories is rapidly passing away. Once physicists thought only of atoms of positive and negative electricity: protons and electrons. Then last year they discovered neutrons, which were apparently *quite* different, and this year positrons. And now it is claimed that a neutron of mass 2 (that is to say twice as heavy as the other neutron) has been discovered. What all this will mean no one seems to know. But the writers of popular scientific books will be pleased. All the present books will be *quite* out of date and new ones will have to be written. Royalties may be small, but they are a very useful addition to depleted incomes.

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In criticising Mr. Montagu Norman and in backing up President Roosevelt for his policy of

### Inflated Bubbles

controlled inflation, the policy of Mr. Bernard Baruch and of Messrs. Kühn Loeb, of New York, Mr. Churchill hits on the big issue coming before Parliament. Are we to inflate? If not, how are we to lower taxes to get industry going again? Unless taxes come down, the National majority will melt away. The Norman "gold" policy involves deflation and means trusting to Providence, and an agnostic people is disinclined to wait. Ministers dare not cut wages and social services. They want to keep the People amused till Europe is at peace. Yet if we inflate, we push up the cost of living: and the cut holder of War Loan will have much to say in his Tory association. Besides, can inflation ever be controlled?

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Finger prints, photograph, signature—as a means of identification they seem to be equally unobjectionable. On the whole, it would be easier to impress a finger on a lump of sealing wax than to sign a cheque and apparently it would make things more difficult for the forger. We have grown accustomed since the War to having passports and other papers reinforced by photographs. It would be a perfectly reasonable regulation that every citizen should have his finger prints registered. If he was a good citizen, he would be protected from the danger of being mistaken for an evil-doer. If he was not a good citizen—well, it would be just as well that the police should be able to identify him when occasion arose.

### A Question of Identity

Yet, so strange are the ways of men, there are people who think it is an outrage that a man who is arrested on suspicion should have his finger prints taken. Would they object if he was asked to sign his name? Any honest man will make the authorities of the State as free of his finger prints as they are of his signature.



Every motorist has, at some time or other, been infuriated by the driver of a huge motor lorry who has continued to occupy the crown of the road in spite of one's desire to pass. The noise of his enormous engine has extinguished the feeble sound of the Klaxon. M. Chiappe, the Parisian Prefect of Police, filled with pity at this, has called in Science to help the distracted motorist. At the back of each lorry will be placed a selenium cell which will be connected so as to ring an alarm bell when the beam from a headlight strikes the cell. So all that will have to be done will be to switch on the headlight and wait for the lorry to shift. Neat and not gaudy, effective and not expensive.

#### Courtesy of the Road

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The Post Office has its eyes well open. Its chief concern at the moment is that the younger generation shall know how to wield its telephone, how to determine the "buzz" signals, as well as knowing how the thing works. And so a large number of telephone systems, housed in "compact portable cabinets" are being manufactured by the Post Office who will lend them to schools. There are many high sounding phrases such as "the schoolboy of to-day is the business man of to-morrow"—but when there are engineered for the well being and the exchequer of the Post Office they are phrases that ring a little hollow.

Picture for one moment what the small schoolboy of to-morrow may be up against. Long before he has finished translating his Tacitus or found out how long it would take twenty men to dig a trench five feet long he will be dragged away by a commercially minded master who wants to explain to him just how the new "Hoover" really works and how to open the latest and safest combination safe. With examinations in what might be described as "commercial combies."

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"Returning unexpectedly from a holiday," writes a correspondent, "I found a notice slipped through my letter-box, informing me that the Postman had made three unsuccessful attempts to deliver a parcel from abroad and that if I wanted it urgently, I must apply to 'the above-named delivery office' and pay a search fee of threepence. As the Post Office authorities have been instructed to forward letters to the country for the next fortnight, they might have spared the Postman his 'three unsuccessful attempts' and the notice might have been sent to the country address. Or is this a matter of watertight compartments and is a gulf fixed between the letter post and the parcel post? Moreover, does the Post Office expect every citizen to know the whereabouts of his District Office. 'The above-named delivery office' "

#### P.M.G. Please Note

was specified by the hieroglyphic 'S.W.D.O.' and further enquiry was needed to learn that it was off Victoria Street. Finally that search fee fills me with misgiving. Does the Post Office play hide and seek with the parcels it fails to deliver?"

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There is trouble to-day in a Gloucestershire district. The peace of the night is perpetually broken by the wavering howls of a badly blown bugle. At first the villagers grumbled about Territorial camps, but there was nothing military about those nondescript notes. As one of them put it, the keepers were trying to teach the pheasants to form fours. In point of fact they were trying to persuade the ubiquitous fox that the bugle was a hunting horn and that hounds were out in the dead of night so that it was no time to think of juicy young pheasants. It is a device that has been tried elsewhere, but it is absolutely new in this district. The agricultural labourer whose children are awakened and who loses his short night's rest is up in arms and vows that someone's neck will be broken, if it goes on. It would be interesting to know whether Reynard's cunning is so much at fault that he is really scared by bugle calls in the dead of night.

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#### Mr. Runciman—a Farmer's View

The skipper of the Board of Trade  
Has foreign prejudice allayed,  
Because of all the pacts he's made;  
So may his glory never fade,  
For Danish farmers must be paid,  
And to be paid they must evade  
Such duties as might have forbade  
Them selling us their every ware  
And buying what they need elsewhere.

How admirable to placate  
The German and the Finn.  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of Heav'n and let them in.  
Meanwhile, surprising to relate,  
We farmers grow more thin.

We may wallow in the gutter  
While the Russians dump their butter,  
Till we have to close our shutter—  
How the foreigner must grin!

Considering the Tories  
Are above five hundred strong  
We cannot see the glories  
Of allowing such a wrong.  
Must we trust to a Free Trader  
To keep out the foreign raider?  
Grant us soon a staunch Crusader,  
Then, perhaps, we'll rub along.

D.L.

## Conservatism in the Constituencies ?

By Sir Lionel Haworth

**W**HAT has come to Conservatism? And what is Conservatism?

The Conservative Party as we know it developed from Toryism. Its founder was Disraeli, who, seeing that the hidebound tradition of the Tory was not in accordance with the progress and advance of the world, evolved a new development founded in our industrial and political expansion. He saw the industrial boom turning the worker into a slave. He noted the *laissez faire* policy of the Liberal school pressing on the working man, till rich and poor, upper class and lower class, were steadily becoming too separate nations with opposing aims and contrasting benefits. In the face of the opposition of the Liberal Employers and the Manchester school, he passed legislation for the emancipation of the worker, among other Bills, the Factory Acts and one for the restriction of child labour.

Through Disraeli's great successors, men like Lord Salisbury, the same great ideals were pursued and the Conservative Party had a definite policy, founded on principle, understood and followed by the members who belonged to it.

With the development of world conditions, these principles were expressed in a natural course of evolution, in accordance with the necessities of the times. Policy was constructive: For instance, Colonies which were necessarily under the tutelage of the Country which formed them, grew to be Dominions with independent Parliaments. Empire and social reform continued to be the keynote of our policy.

The Liberal policy, opposed to Empire, was for Free Trade, irrespective of whether our own country suffered unfair competition or not. It demanded permission to enslave the worker as a necessary complement to Free Trade. Freedom to buy in the cheapest market, to sell in the dearest, freedom to work the longest hours, to pay the lowest wage that supply and demand could enforce—such was their demand.

The Conservative policy was protection for our trade, for our agriculture, and for our workers from the tyranny of the new employers. For many years the natural protection we enjoyed, through the cost of transport and the invention of machinery in England with the consequent greater skill of our workers, obscured the issue. To-day, faced with stark reality and the end of indirect protection, we have again adopted the Conservative policy of Protection. We have begun to realise that employment is of greater value than mere cheapness in price.

But what of the remaining Conservative doctrines? Mr. Baldwin, our leader, has declared not once but many times, that the days of Empire, as we knew them are over, that we live in a new age, already the 21st century, and must give up our Imperial ideas though we have built up a population of some 50 million, much of which is dependent on Empire, on an

Empire which still benefits and civilises the backward world. He thinks that we must catch busses, even though they are run on principles totally opposed to those on which the Conservative party is founded, and are bound for a terminus to which the Conservative party has no desire to take the country.

Mr. Baldwin regards himself as a new Disraeli leading his party out of the hidebound tradition of Conservatism to meet the altered conditions of modern times. But between Disraeli and Baldwin lies the earth and the sky. Disraeli built on to past and developed by evolution. Mr. Baldwin is determined to destroy the Conservative tradition by revolution. His method is an old one. He has once more stolen the Liberal clothes.

While Democracy is dying of a surfeit of conferences, Mr. Baldwin-Ramsay MacDonald (the two names are complementary), provide it with no other food. They dream of conferences, and as each rabbit dies, out comes a new one from the hat. But even a party of children would get tired of seeing rabbits being produced dead from an optimistic conjuror's hat. Mussolini has just told us that these conferences and the misunderstood system of democracy "lead states to certain ruin and with them their peoples." He points out that a system is fatal by which "not the pilots steer the ship, but the ignorant who do not know even how to read a compass."

On the continent we are saved from ourselves, but in India the old firm continues to attempt to rule by conferences and an unworkable system of democracy. Is it surprising that there is rebellion within the Conservative party? In every constituency there are men who have lived their lives in distant parts of the Empire. They have ruled provinces the size of a country, they have ruled districts the size of a county; they have administered; they have made bridges or canals or roads; they have with the police kept the peace; they have handled peoples. They know.

It is these men who have organised and are organising the rebellion against the White Paper. And against their opinions Mr. Baldwin puts what? The opinion of Viceroy's belonging to the Liberal and Labour Party—and of course Lord Irwin—and their henchmen.

Thus in the constituencies two parties exist; one composed of those who know nothing and follow Mr. Baldwin's Liberal-Socialist lead, not knowing where it ends; the other of those who have handled the Empire or who are in contact with those who have done so.

If Mr. Baldwin succeeds in leading his followers away on a false road the party will be split.

The questions before each of us in the constituencies are simple. They are, are you going to follow a person or a principle? Are you going to maintain Conservative principles or are you going to be led away from them by Mr. Baldwin, the man who as Bonar Law stated, "allows his hopes to obscure his reason"?

# Poland Ready for Anything

By Robert Machray

Warsaw.

**A**RRIVING here from Danzig, aware of the general course of events up to that time respecting the proposed intervention of England and France, and less certainly of Italy, on behalf of Austria with Germany, and realising the possibility of dangerous developments to the peace of Europe, I was immediately impressed by the fact that Poland, instead of being disquieted and alarmed, regarded the situation with profound calm. It was not that she was indifferent; how can she be indifferent to any matter in which Germany is closely concerned? Indeed, she was interested, watchful and vigilant enough, but she simply declined to get excited about it. As the days passed, and the futility of the Four-Power Pact was made fully evident, she smiled—as she alone was in a position to smile—with sardonic amusement.

During the last twelve months a great change has come over Poland: its main characteristic is confidence in herself and her destiny. She is quieter, more staid and purposeful, and decidedly less jumpy or exuberant than she was. Not much more than a year ago she awaited the result of the German general elections (July, 1932) with a trepidation that was natural in the circumstances. She had reason to believe that, if Hitler was victorious then, some of his fanatical followers would seize Danzig and attack the "Corridor," and that a big war would of course be inevitable. There was a good deal of hot, heady talk here and throughout the country, especially on the frontier. And, worst of all, a feeling prevailed that the alliance with France was of doubtful value.

## A Super-Bismarck

But Hitler was beaten on that occasion, and the excitement subsided. In fact, it was widely held, and not in Poland alone, that the Hitler wave had spent itself, and that he and his policy would soon come to nothing. Never was verdict more fallacious. The extremely significant thing is that, now that Hitler wields such power in Germany as not even Bismarck possessed, and that his lieutenants, if not himself, make no secret of their intentions regarding treaty revision to the fullest extent, the Poles to-day confront the realities of their position with hard, steady nerves, and face them with a serious resoluteness not to be driven into precipitate action which is wholly admirable.

Their highest interest is peace, just as is the case with England, and the trend of their policy must be in that direction. A lasting peace—that is what Poland needs above everything, but how can she make sure of it? Her frontiers march with two potential, indeed two historical enemies: Russia and Germany.

Another feature of the great change that has occurred in Poland during the last twelve months is the quite extraordinary improvement in her relations with Soviet Russia. If I am not mistaken,

it goes far beyond the pact of non-aggression signed a short time ago, and has caused Germany furiously to think. Moreover, I hear from a good source that Polish feeling towards Russia is nothing like so hostile as it was a year ago. I confess that all this seems to me rather strange and just a little sudden, but there it is!

With no fear of Russian aggression, Poland can and does turn her whole attention to Germany. Col. Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, has epitomised her present policy to Germany in the sentence: "As Germany acts towards Poland, so will Poland act towards Germany." In the past Poland had made more than one *beau geste* to Germany, without, however, doing herself any good; that sort of thing, which the Germans regarded as mere exhibitions of weakness, is not going to be repeated. On the other hand, the Poles, following their genuinely pacifist policy, welcome wholeheartedly any signs of friendliness—too strong a word in this case; let us say, a give-and-take spirit—on the part of Germany. Some recent agreements are of this nature. The Conventions signed the other day between Poland and Danzig, which is completely in Nazi hands, are a further illustration.

## The German Menace

Poland, however, is under no illusion about the real reasons that "motivate" German policy towards her at the moment. It should always be remembered that it is emphatically not Poland who seeks to disturb the peace; it is Germany! Thus Poland remains ever vigilant, for she is thoroughly alive to the fact that there is neither love of, nor desire for, peace in Hitlerism. It is only that at present Hitler's aims lie in the direction of Austria, not of Poland. First, then, on his programme came the annexation of Austria. An Austrian himself, he thought it would be easy, but in this he has been mistaken.

Having experienced in the past German bullying and brow-beating, Poland deeply sympathises with Austria; but there is no point in disguising the truth that she has taken a greater interest in seeing the working out in practice of the Four-Power Pact in the present crisis. It will be recalled that while the Little Entente withdrew its opposition to the Pact as finally drafted and accepted by the Four Powers, Poland persisted in having nothing whatever to do with it.

She thinks that what has taken place at Berlin confirms her in her attitude of aloofness, for she sees how farcical the situation is. The Four-Power Pact was invoked, and the result—England and France, with Italy as the "honest broker," arrayed against Germany, who plays an equivocal part, giving a sort of lip-service to the remonstrances of the other Powers while telling her own people that she has administered to them a decided rebuff, and has no kind of notion of discontinuing her campaign against little Austria!



## England in the Air—IV.

By Lord Halsbury

**T**WO important questions which a person who contemplates taking up flying must consider are, whether he can afford it, and whether he has the time. Very many have the time, but few can afford it. Flying to-day is very expensive and consequently to make any real progress subsidy of some kind is necessary. Years ago Mr. Winston Churchill speaking against subsidy said that if civilian aviation was to succeed it must stand on its own. As a final conclusion this may be true, but a baby cannot learn to stand if it is not fed, and babies and even growing children up to a certain age have to be fed at the expense of others.

The first great expense in flying is the cost of the machines. Everyone agrees that this is far too high. The blame for this high price must not, however, be laid at the door of the manufacturers. It is due to the circumstances of a comparatively new industry. There is a vicious circle which has to be broken before the price can be substantially lowered. As long as comparatively few machines are manufactured, mass production is impossible and overheads must be very large. Until the price is lowered the market will not be substantially increased.

The original outlay governs two other very large items in the expense sheet. First, obsolescence, which usually develops at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum and secondly, insurance which may be taken at an average of 12½ per cent. per annum.

This original cost affects not only private owners who wish to buy a machine but also clubs and schools which have to provide machines for pupils and members.

### Mass Production

The same position arose when motoring first came in and it was not until men with vision arose such as Ford, Austin, Morris and Citroen, who foresaw that by putting on the market cheap mass production cars they would make a vast new market, that motoring became part of the ordinary life of the civilised world.

One simple method of subsidy is to subsidise the manufacturers and so reduce prices. France has made the experiment and the results have not proved satisfactory. Our Ministry has very wisely refused to adopt this policy.

The only other method while waiting for pioneers of aeroplane mass production is to increase by some form of subsidy the number of flying pilots.

Unfortunately the form of subsidy chosen by the Ministry has four basic defects. The method adopted is to subsidise a school or club by paying them a lump sum for every "A" Licence obtained by a pupil. The subsidy, originally fairly high, has now been reduced. The objections are as follows:—

(1) There is an incentive for the schools and clubs to pass out a pupil before he is really ready in order to get the subsidy. It is not suggested

that any instructor would deliberately do so and as a result of the new instructors' licence the danger is decreased, but it is fundamentally wrong to set up a system which inherently leads to bad work.

(2) The pupil is still left to find the full expenses of his licence which often he cannot do.

(3) If the latter is lowered because of the subsidy it masks the cost of flying, and having taken his ticket the pilot may find that he cannot afford to continue flying.

(4) It provides no incentive to the pilot to continue his flying and he may rest content with the prevailing minimum of three hours per annum necessary to keep his licence alive.

The French have seen these difficulties and they subsidise the pilot himself and not the school or club. The result has been extremely successful. They produce as pilots—and keep them in the air—people who could not from their private means afford to fly. By so doing they are increasing the number of pilots who would be invaluable in a national emergency and France is becoming more and more "airminded." As a further result the prices of light aeroplanes are showing a definite tendency to come down.

There are a very great number of people in this country who would become national assets in the air, but, who through no fault of their own except lack of means, are unable to become and remain pilots. It is a national calamity that their services in helping their country to take its proper place as an airminded nation should be lost and their potentiality in times of national emergency thereby be abandoned.

### A Matter of Expense

That such a subsidy would be expensive if made a ministerial matter and pushed to the limit of a probable public response is obvious. Were it supplemented with a subsidy to the pilot to help in buying his own machine it would, of course, be even more expensive, although this latter has the great attraction of immediately lowering the price of machines, for there would be an immediate very large increase in the market. Estimates based on statistics and the opinions of those best capable of judging, show that the cost would be in the nature of £100,000 per annum. Whether the country as a whole would benefit in the air and even increase its strength if this sum were deducted from the R.A.F. estimates is debatable. Many think that it would.

It is, however, idle to sigh for a Utopia which, at the moment, at least, is outside practical politics. It is better to see whether some less ambitious scheme put forward privately by some patriotic spirit would, by its results, induce at least a reconsideration of the present official policy.

It is lamentable that to-day in this great country there are no more than 2,400 "A" Licenses current.

# The Englishness of English Art

By Robert Anning Bell, R.A.

THE Royal Academy has during recent years housed a remarkable series of Exhibitions of the Art of those countries which have best fostered and developed the Fine Arts of the modern era in Europe. One Eastern country, Persia, was very properly included, as it has long and profoundly affected European Art, many of the roots of which may be traced to Persian soil. But there is one more country where Art is worthy of this series, both in quality and in individuality. Our own.

English Art, like the English nation, is a composite affair. Like the nation, it has shown a capacity for absorbing foreign elements and fusing them into a national character. This process has been helped by our insular situation, and for the same reason our Art has been little known to our Continental neighbours: they have borrowed little from us in return for what we have taken from them, and many of them are inclined to believe that English Art scarcely exists.

We are a mixed lot (but I should hate to be a pure Nordic), a strain of Celtic blood must have persisted in spite of the floods of pug-nosed Baltic free-booters who overwhelmed the Nordics, and I suspect that the beautiful Anglo-Saxon writing and illuminations owe something to that strain. The Normans, another Nordic flood, brought a lot of Frenchmen as well as Spaniards and Italians in their gang of international ruffians. Since then we have had many peaceful invasions, Flemings and Frenchmen escaping persecution, and we have a valuable tincture of Jews. Our architecture and architectural crafts took shape under Norman influence, but many French artificers other than Normans must have worked here on our churches and cathedrals. Gallic and Celtic strains mingle with Norman and Saxon and Dane to give a character to our earlier artistic expression.

The interesting point is that since the 14th century until our own times we have been practically untouched by French influence. The Englishness of our Art has developed independently of their peculiar qualities. English architecture perforce broke away from its Continental affinities during the Hundred Years War and evolved those especially English styles, the Perpendicular and the Tudor. Holbein, though a Swiss, may be classed with the Flemings, at any rate his influence on our architecture is unlike anything French. The religious wars in France caused us to turn to Flanders and Italy for our tinge of Renaissance in Elizabethan and Jacobean—more than a tinge in some cases, as in the delicate architectural detail of ruined Kirby.

Inigo Jones brought a severer Italianate classicism to correct the fancifulness of Elizabethan and Jacobean, and be it noted that during his lifetime the architectural crafts were recovering the skill in working stone and wood and plaster, which was lost after the Reformation had destroyed the liveli-

hood of those wonderful carvers of the last years of the Old Church. It was a fortunate coincidence that at this very time arose our greatest English artist, Christopher Wren. He saved us from the Baroque; he ignored the slight French influence which is traceable in some of the country houses of Charles II's time; he absorbed and digested the Dutch influence which came in with Dutch William, and he laid the foundations of the truly English architecture of the Eighteenth Century.

Thus for five hundred years we find but little influence from France. During the latter part of this period the English school of painting arose and developed on its own lines, learning much from the Italians and the Flemish, from Holbein and Vandyke and Lely, from Hobbema and from Rubens, the landscape painter, but bringing its own material to be chastened and purified under this influence. I need but instance the conversation pieces of the eighteenth century, the horse pictures of that fine artist Stubbs, and later the animal paintings of James Ward; the great school of landscape painters, Wilson and Constable and Turner, Old Crome and the Norwich school, Cotman and the water-colour men. Then there came the pre-Raphaelites, as English as any of them, with the English qualities of love of nature and love of telling a story.

Do not think that I am in any way decrying the Great Art of France, its immense contributions to Beauty and therefore to the sum of human happiness. I am merely stating the fact that our own is quite distinct. That it will remain so long I do not know. The younger generation seems to desire to follow the French lead and to join in the standardisation which is overwhelming Continental Art. Be that as it may, this is the happy moment for a comprehensive Exhibition of the Art which has been characteristic of our country up to now. Should we survive, it will be a stimulus for more Englishness; should we be swamped, it will be a record of what we once could do.

## Sonnet

When, at the very end, as lights are failing,  
And stars are dimmed, and the great Sun goes  
out;  
When every certainty becomes a doubt,  
And every happy song a distant wailing;  
When Earth's glad greens and browns and blues  
are paling  
Into the dread absorbing black, and shout  
On shout rings louder into space to rout  
The utter silence that the night is veiling;  
I shall not be afraid, for I shall see,  
Dim-misted in the blackness, eyes I knew,  
And hear a far-off voice laughing a while,  
And feel that somewhere hands are stretched to  
me . . .  
Till suddenly I'll know that it is you,  
And turn to meet your dear delightful smile.  
A. R. UBSDELL.

# Sun Bathing

By J. McGee

THE "Sun Bathing Review," journal of the Sun Societies, wants more members, as many members as they can possibly get, and by hook or by crook they mean to persuade women to tear off their clothes and to hobnob with strangers with "nodings on." For too many single men go in for nudity and the balance of sexes (not, of course, of sex) must be, so to speak, redressed. So the bait of modesty is even offered. "Come," they say, "and come in slips or come in bathing dresses and find out what a happy party we are."

Thus we went. People who could refrain from taking everything off, and yet people who recognised that health comes from a dignified removal of stuffy clothes, seemed worth while investigating.

We arrived. We crept up the face of a green hill until we came to barbed wire. "Go round by the path" read a notice "until you come to the entrance." We crept round the path and we came to the entrance. "Ring" said a notice, "and wait until the ring is answered." We waited. After a little while a head poked round the door. She was very decently and becomingly dressed in slips and a brassiere. "Come" we murmured, one to another, "this is sensible. This is the sort of place where sensible people are in charge. Where Sun Bathing is conducted properly."

We spoke too soon. Having entered the mysterious portal we suddenly came face to face with a woman who was clad as Eve—long, long before the fall. We hid our faces and casting an anxious look back, almost decided to cut and run.

"Wouldn't you like to come and take your clothes off?" whispered an insidious voice. The voice had nothing on. A man this time. We shook our heads miserably. We had better, we thought, have stayed away.

"You must," went on the insidious voice, "see our playground," and following his direction we lifted horrified eyes to the Sun Bathing playground. There were fat women and lean women. There were large men and small men. There were children. There were youths and there were maidens. And very few of them had slips on. Very few of them had anything on at all.

"After all," we said, "we are here to see. If

these people are happy, there is no need for us to interfere. No need to condemn because we personally do not agree."

And so, bravely as we think, we walked all over that Sun Bathing ground very near to Croydon, and we tried hard to look at it with an open mind.

It was obviously no good staying on the fringe and we enquired whether we might enter the "playing Ground," one of our number hastily remarking that we were not sun-bathers. We had come armed with bathing dresses and we firmly drew them on.

The Sun Bathers were squatting round a large, open space. There was only a fringe of moth eaten grass round the outside, and the space in the middle was dry and very dirty dust. As every little gust of wind entered that odd little spot the dust was driven all over the poor naked sunbathers. Dust, we conjectured, that was going to do very little good to their nostrils or their throats.

And here is the point. There was the most awful air of tension, of bravado among that queer looking colony. Every naked woman was trying to persuade every naked man that she was sure of herself and sure of what she was doing. Every man was strained to the uttermost trying to make himself believe that it was a natural and a healthy thing that he was doing. Every face showed signs of strain.

Men stared frankly at women. Women openly gazed at men. Two naked women played deck tennis with two naked men. "This is my son (he was about twenty)" said one woman, "that is my husband over there." The youth looked miserably ashamed and hung his head.

Do they really think, the members of that community near Croydon, that it is good for them? Should that small girl of eight or nine have been allowed to play ball with a naked man of over sixty? Is sunbathing no good if just a small portion of the body is covered?

We ourselves are thoroughly ashamed. They had the courage of their convictions. They sat and conversed with strangers who were as naked as they were. And we? We hadn't the courage to stand up and tell them what exhibitions they were. What silly, showing-off, fools. We came away—very ashamed.

## SHORT STORY

# The Traveller

By Germaine Beaumont

EDWARD LANGRES entered the drawing-room, where his mother sat in readiness for afternoon callers.

"I shan't be in to dinner to-night," he announced.

"Very well, my dear," said Madame Langres. "Enjoy yourself. Don't make too much noise if

you come in late because I always think there are burglars in the house, and it frightens me."

For a moment Edward hesitated.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I shan't make any noise at all, because I shall be in the train."

Mme. Langres stiffened in her chair.

"The train? What train, Edward?"



"The train to Marseilles, mother."

"Are you going to spend a few days in Marseilles, then, my dear?"

"No," said Edward uneasily. "I shall only be passing through Marseilles. I'm . . . Look here, mother: I hate telling you at the last moment like this, but the fact is that I'm off to India for a month or so."

"Oh, good heavens!" ejaculated Mme. Langres. She hid her face in her thin aristocratic-looking hands and murmured reproachfully: "You've only just come back from Brazil."

"I know," said Edward, "but I can't help it, really I can't." His voice became a little desperate. "I simply can't stay in one place. I'm not happy unless I'm on the move. I *must* travel! As soon as I stop I feel that I might as well be dead!"

"It's terrible," moaned Mme. Langres. "To be always alone at my age: it's terrible. And it isn't even as if you came of a family of travellers. Indeed, it's quite the contrary. You know that your grandfather used to say that it was a tradition of the family that all the men died peacefully in their beds!"

"Mother, dear," protested Edward: "I fully intend to die in my bed on a date as far removed as possible. But in the meantime do let me go about a little!"

"Go about a little!" cried Mme. Langres, wiping her eye with a minute handkerchief of embroidered lawn. "You've done nothing else since you were born! When you were three years old you started saying, 'I want to go away.' Your father used to ask you whether you were not happy here, and you used to say, 'No.' And when he asked you where you wanted to go, you always said, 'Anywhere; but I want to go away.' You made us take you to the country, to the seaside, everywhere we could think of. It was hardly ever possible to spend our summers quietly at Fontainebleau, as we had always done: you made us go to Switzerland, to Algeria, to Belgium, to Luxemburg, to the Channel Islands! Later on, when you began to study medicine, we thought we should have some peace. Nothing of the kind! You decided to specialise in tropical diseases!"

"But with our income, mother, there was no need for me to set up in practice."

"I know, my poor boy. So you preferred to spend your time among savages at the other end of the world. Well, it's your business, I suppose. But it's not the study of medicine that interests you: that is only an excuse now for going off to Salonika, and heaven knows where else."

"Mother: I'm sorry—"

"I think you should be, Edward. Since you grew up I've hardly seen you for more than a few days at a time. And I believe it was that that made your poor father lose interest in things about him. Other people mark the passing of the years by normal family happenings: the son's marriage; the birth of the first child; the stages of its growth. Other children are born; there are more anniversaries; until at last there is a real family. But with us it has been very different. Family: Edward. In 1910 Edward is in Japan;

in 1920 Edward is at the Cape; in 1921 Edward is in Egypt; in 1922 Edward sets out for the Arctic; and then for Fiji, Madagascar, Siberia, China, the Balkans, the South Sea Islands, Brazil. And now it's India. I have always hoped that you would marry and have a family of your own. That is why I have kept on this house, which is much too large for me alone.

"Mother: please don't cry," begged Edward. "I don't want to get married. You must try to accept me as I am. I am a vagabond. Embrace your vagabond, mother, and wish him good luck on his travels. Next time I'll really try to stay at home for a little longer."

"You always say that," wept Mme. Langres, "but you never do it. Where do you get this terrible desire to travel? Whom does it come from? Your family have always been notaries and bankers . . ."

Several days after Edward's departure she received a letter addressed in a handwriting which was vaguely familiar. The letter read:

"It is a great many years, my dear Aline, since we saw each other. You remember, of course, that I have no children; and since my husband died I have been very much alone. I have just seen in a newspaper that your son has gone on a voyage of study to India; so, if you have nothing else to do, come and stay with me here at Aix, where I live now with my father. You will enjoy renewing your memories of this old house, perhaps . . ."

A veil seemed to fall from Mme. Langres' memory, revealing a forgotten period of her life. The letter was from her cousin, Helen Beauchamps, whom she had not seen for more years than she could remember; and it awoke in her a desire to attach herself again to the few relatives that remained to her. So she set out for Aix.

Helen met her at the station, recognising her at once after their thirty years apart, and embraced her affectionately. Arrived at the old house, Mme. Langres found forgotten incidents from the past crowding in upon her. She and her husband had stayed there in the early years of their marriage, and now she was again in the midst of scenes with which they had been familiar together.

After luncheon, Helen Beauchamps said:

"Let us go into the library and see if you remember an old friend of yours."

"An old friend?" queried Mme. Langres. "Who?"

By way of answer Helen led her into a vast book-lined room. At the far end a long chair stood before a window; and beside it, on a small table, was an enormous library globe in a tarnished brass stand.

"Well?" demanded Helen, pointing to the model of the World. "Don't you recognise it?"

Mme. Langres, who had turned a little pale, went slowly, almost fearfully, towards it.

"Surely you remember," continued her cousin, "how you used to amuse yourself with that? You had quite a passion for it. It was when you were not able to move about much, and you used to lie in that chair for hours, turning the globe about and studying it. Let me see: it was while you were waiting for Edward to be born, wasn't it?"

# Arms and the Man

By Guy C. Pollock

**H**ERE we are; less or more on the top of our world, with valley and river and house and farm and village left below us. Some of us have come on our ten toes, others on ponies. And we are seven—or, less poetically and more accurately, eight. To us then comes our host in turn, stretching towards us one of the more ornate contraptions which have replaced the ancient hat filled with numbered scraps of paper. And I draw number eight.

As we move along, silently as Trappist monks, to the first line of butts, there is already too much time for thought. Will the grouse come expectedly? Shall I have the same shots as I had last time I was on this moor? Shall I be able to say, "Ah, you blighters, I have one of you in front and one behind this time; you can't get past me that way again"? Of course not. If you had the same butt on the same moor every day for a week you would hardly ever have the same shot. Even if Wednesday's bird or covey looked just like Monday's there would be some subtle difference—probably to your undoing, possibly to the undoing of the bird.

Then the silence of the line catches hold of me until I become almost convinced that we really are the inmates and the exiles of a monastery. A curious life with the world and—generally—the flesh and the devil in abeyance; a life in which one does not know whether it be sharper pain or joy to remember the abandoned world and "reach through time a hand to catch the far-off interest of tears"; half a life—and is it better than no life?; prayer, fast meditation, work and an often embittered silence. I don't really know why I entered the monastery, though I can remember vividly the scourging of my soul which first turned my envious thoughts towards it. I can't quite make out why we are taking this single file exercise along a sheep track through still young and purple heather . . . . And then the barrels of my gun swing against my knee and I am still in the not too utterly abandoned world.

So I have drawn number eight and it is well. Because, at this first drive, I shall have one neighbour only ("who would be at the expense of two?") to watch or mock or sympathise. Besides, since we number from the right, my left, along which one's gun always swings so much more rapidly and easily, will be unencumbered. That ought to mean a bird or two to give the batsman confidence after a shaky beginning.

Here we are. I am alone with my dog in the butt. So I stamp about until the ground is pretty comfortable under my feet, and fasten the dog near me, put my cartridge bag on the right of the front of the butt to mark an angle of safety, arrange eight handy cartridges (which subsequently fall down) in front of me, shove more in my pocket, load my gun and balance it, muzzle outwards, on the front of the butt, look ahead, see nothing,

count the nails in my left boot (three missing), look ahead, to right and to left, see nothing, count the nails in my right boot (five missing), look ahead, see nothing, open and shut my gun to make sure that it is really loaded.

By this time I have recognised that I am in that dithering state of nerves which might as well be called hysteria. So I look for comfort at my neighbour—and discover him to be regarding with a perplexed perturbation the nails in his left boot. So I look over to Schehallion, that strange sugar loaf of a mountain by which a mass has been weighed, on my left, to the little loch on my right; I look at the earth and the sky, the foreground and the distance, and—little parody of God that I am—I see that they are good. Then I fall again to the enumeration of nails and—

My neighbour's low whistle had only just reached me in time. I seized the gun, looked ahead and there they were, spread out very low over the heather, and making fast for the open space between his butt and mine. Unnervingly fast. If he, braver and more decisive, had not fired when he did I should never have scrambled a bird in front while it was still safe to shoot.

Every time the first grouse are the same. I shall never learn, not even by bitter sense of loss, how fast they fly; I shall never take courage enough to have a go when I feel sure they are out of range and know well that they are not. But this was a beneficent occasion; these were very simple birds sent to begin a perfect day. It was otherwise in the butt where they creep up the corrie and rush along hugging the rocks on the left; it was otherwise in the top butt where hares come tripping along and grouse of which no neighbour's whistle can warn are suddenly all about one's head; it was far otherwise when those gallant birds crossed the line at (by computation) some ten miles of altitude.

Here we are; down in the valley, back in the house. With perishable tea before us and an immortal memory behind.

## Pigeons

Pigeons on the corn stooks in the sun,  
Pigeons shying to avoid a gun,  
Pigeons cooing happily for fun,  
O give me one!

Pigeons sipping out of leaves the dew,  
Wildest pigeons swerving in the blue,  
Fluffy pigeons, freshly born and new,  
O give me two!

Pigeons preening feathers in a tree,  
Homing pigeons lost in storms at sea,  
Trapped wood-pigeons, longing to be free,  
O give me three!

H.M.L.

**SERIAL**

# The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

*Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by the Boswell Printing & Publishing Co., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. We therefore hold it a privilege to reprint week by week extracts from this illuminating history.*

Commander Kenworthy, who, though not yet a member of that Party, was known to share their sympathy for the Soviet system, hastily wired to Moscow that "the contemplated executions would have a deplorable effect upon public opinion in England." Mr. Lansbury sent a message to his friend Chicherin, begging for the reprieve of the condemned on the ground that "great Russia will show mankind a splendid example of toleration and mercy." !!! M. Herriot also interceded in the name of the Radical Socialists of France.

The Bolsheviks' comment on these protests appeared in the *Pravda* of March 30:

Senile but honest Lansbury and Ben Turner, two of the leaders of the British Labour Party, are very perturbed by the decision of the Moscow Court. . . . As the majority of these so-called Labour leaders are swindlers, their "religious piety" is merely hypocrisy. Old Lansbury wants to transform the Church and religion into an instrument for the liberation of the working-classes, while old Ben Turner sends us a telegram in which he says: "A human life is valuable. Don't hang the Archbishop!" . . . In the future, whether in the matter of shooting the Patriarch Tikhon or a Protestant pastor or a Jewish Rabbi, the Soviet Government will not hesitate a second in putting them to death if this is necessary for the revolution and the friends of the Soviet Russia, and the French and British Parliaments may save themselves the trouble and expense of sending telegrams to Moscow begging for clemency.<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile the official organ of the Labour Party made as usual no secret of its sympathy for the Soviet Government, and in a leading article entitled "The Commonsense of it," calmly asked: "Why should there be such an outcry over the execution of this Russian Roman Catholic priest?"<sup>2</sup>

The *Daily Herald*, however, showed itself capable of being roused to violent indignation at certain forms of inhumanity. In another paragraph at this date it referred to an incident that had occurred elsewhere and observed that "the world cannot be fit to live in until we have driven this devil of callous cruelty out of it." What was the cruelty in question? The fact that in one of the towns in the Ruhr German citizens on passing a French military picket had to lift their hats or were liable to have them knocked off.

The same attitude of indifference towards Soviet persecutions was displayed by the British Labour Party delegates to the Conference at Hamburg in May of that year, when the Second International with which their Party was affiliated joined up with the Two and Half International (or Socialist Workers' Union), founded in Vienna in 1921,

with which the I.L.P. was affiliated. From 1923 onwards the Second International was known as the Labour Socialist International, or sometimes as the Hamburg International, and had for its President the German Socialist Otto Wels, with Friedrich Adler, the murderer of Count Sturgh, and Mr. Tom Shaw as secretaries.

On the occasion of the Conference in Hamburg that effected this union, thirty British delegates were present; these included Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Sidney Webb (now Lord Passfield), Mr. Charles Roden Buxton, Mr. Wallhead, Miss Susan Lawrence and Mr. H. N. Brailsford.

A resolution was drawn up at this Conference, demanding from the Soviet Government:

The immediate ending of the shameful persecution of the Socialists, workmen, and peasants holding other views in Russia and in Georgian territory at present occupied by Russian troops.

The immediate liberation of all persons condemned, arrested or banished for propagating their political convictions.

The abolition of the system of terroristic dictatorship of the party and a change to a regime of political freedom and democratic self-government of the people.

The resolution concluded with the words:

This congress expresses its warmest sympathy with all Socialist victims of the Bolshevik terror in Russia and Georgia, and declares it the duty of all Socialist and Labour Parties to give every possible moral and material help to all Russian Socialists acting in the spirit of this resolution.

The resolution was carried by 196 votes to 2, but the whole British delegation abstained from voting.<sup>1</sup>

This attitude was in conformity with the Labour Party's habitual policy with regard to Russia. Whenever it has suited them to disassociate themselves from Bolshevism in order to win the confidence of the electorate and to disarm criticism on the part of their political opponents, they have never hesitated to express virtuous, though at the same time qualified, disapproval of the Bolshevik regime. But when it has come to taking action, even to the point of supporting a resolution, they have preferred the policy of masterly inactivity. In this way they have proved far better friends to the Bolsheviks than the latter's Communist allies, who by their extravagance have alienated public opinion. The Labour Party's occasional criticisms of the Bolshevik regime—always accompanied by the reflection that its errors must be attributed to the crimes of Tsarism—have had the effect of inspiring confidence in their assurances that the Bolsheviks, though mistaken in their

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in *Morning Post*, April, 1928.

<sup>2</sup> *Daily Herald*, April 4, 1928.

<sup>1</sup> Press of May 29, 1928.



## SERIAL

methods, are animated by a noble ideal. Indeed, the British Socialist Press never ceases to assure its readers that its difference with the Bolsheviks is one of method only; the ultimate goal is the same.

It might have been expected that these events would at last have opened the eyes of the Conservatives both to the Socialist and the Bolshevik danger, and that now they were in control of the Foreign Office they would have taken a strong line with regard to Soviet activities against the British Empire. But little difference was discernible in the policy of Lord Curzon now that he was acting on behalf of a Tory Government instead of the Coalition. From March 30, 1923, onwards, the Foreign Office had been engaged in a lengthy correspondence with the Bolsheviks, beginning with a remonstrance at the condemnation of Monsignor Butkiewicz.<sup>1</sup> To this, Gregory Weinstein, in the name of the Moscow Foreign Office, returned an insolent reply saying that the Soviet Government had the right to pass what sentences it chose, and accusing the British Government of "the assassination in cold blood of political prisoners in Ireland." The British Foreign Office then dispatched a memorandum formally accusing the Soviet Government of violation of the Trade Agreement by continued anti-British propaganda in Persia, Afghanistan and on the Indian border. A report from Shumiatsky, the Soviet representative at Teheran, was quoted, in which it was stated that "a good group of workers has been organised who can act in an anti-British direction with real activity," and the sum necessary for carrying out this plan was given. In Kabul, Raskolnikov, the Soviet representative, had distinguished himself by exceptional zeal. His expenditures for anti-British activities in Afghanistan were given in detail. In a recent communication to Karakhan, the Assistant Commissary for Foreign Affairs, Raskolnikov had stated: "I consider it most important to maintain personal touch with and render at least the minimum amount of assistance to Indian revolutionaries. At the very lowest it is necessary to assign at least 25,000 roubles." Already in November 1922 seven Indians, who had been trained as Communist agitators at Tashkent, were arrested on their arrival in India from Moscow, whence they had travelled under the charge of Russian civil and military officials. Although the Soviet Government in their Note of September 27, 1921, had indignantly repudiated any connection between themselves and the Third International, at the Fourth Congress of that body held in Moscow on November 25, 1922, Sokolnikov, People's Commissary for Finance,<sup>2</sup> was one of three persons by whom the sums of £80,000 and £120,000 were allotted to the British and Indian

Communist Parties respectively. Of this sum, £75,000 had arrived in England by the beginning of January 1923. The British Memorandum then went on to deal with the outrages on certain British subjects in Russia (Mr. Davidson and Mrs. Stan Harding), with the treatment of British trawlers and the question of religious persecution. It ended with a remonstrance at the offensive tone of Weinstein's Note and the observation that "it seems difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that the Soviet Government are either convinced that His Majesty's Government will accept any insult sooner than break with Soviet Russia, or that they desire themselves to bring the relations created by the Trade Agreement to an end."

The Bolsheviks replied with their customary flat denials and counter-charges.<sup>1</sup> The accusations against the Soviet Government were based on "apocryphal documents" drawn from a "muddy source," the quotations referring to Persia were "pure inventions" and bore "no relation to any official documents in the knowledge of the Russian Government." As to their relations with "the peoples of the Orient," these were purely philanthropic—"the Soviet Government seeks an establishment of friendly relations with the peoples of the East, not by intrigues and gold, but by measures of real unselfishness and friendly feelings to them." The statement regarding funds assigned by Sokolnikov to the Communist Parties in question was equally without foundation. With regard to Soviet persecution of religion, "the Russian Government considered it necessary in the most categorical manner to deny the baseless charge that it was persecuting any religion of any sort." Soviet justice only fell on such of the clergy who were engaged in political activity against the safety of the State. At the same time the Soviet Government was willing to admit the "unusual tone" of Weinstein's Note on this question, and in a further communication<sup>2</sup> agreed to "take back" both his letters, but no apology was offered. Finally, on June 4, the Soviet agreed to come to an arrangement with regard to British trawlers and compensation to British victims of "repressive measures," and once again gave the undertaking to refrain from anti-British propaganda in return for an undertaking on the part of the British Government not to assist any hostile designs against the Soviet Government.<sup>3</sup> The question of removing Raskolnikov and Shumiatsky from their posts, as requested by the British Government, was dealt with in the vaguest language which the British Foreign Office chose to interpret as agreement. This closed the correspondence and, as the *Annual Register* for 1923 observes: "Anglo-Russian relations were left on a firmer basis than before."

<sup>1</sup> White Paper. Russia, No. 2 (1923). Correspondence between His Majesty's Government and the Soviet Government respecting the Relations between the Two Governments. Cmd. 1869.

<sup>2</sup> Yakov Antonovitch Sokolnikov, real name Brilliant, appointed Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain in December 1929.

<sup>1</sup> White Paper. Russia, No. 3 (1923). Reply of Soviet Government to His Majesty's Government respecting the Relations between the Two Governments. Cmd. 1874.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., No. 4 (1923). Further Correspondence between His Majesty's Government and the Soviet Government, etc. Cmd. 1890.

<sup>3</sup> White Paper. Cmd. 1890.

# Sick Messiahs

By A Student of Life

**T**HE Sick Messiah has always been a peril to the world and never has there been a moment when an outbreak of self-styled prophets who in themselves are unworthy of their message could be more dangerous. Mysticism like all good things is dangerous. That which lies behind the conscious self, call it what you will, can kill as well as heal and, strange though it may sound, a glimpse of the Beatific Vision is within the reach of all. That glimpse, however, may be destructive. It is so easy to interpret the realisation of the Kingdom of Heaven which is within as divine guidance to interfere in other people's lives. In itself it seems final and conclusive—yet it is really only the first step in the way of quietness and pain.

It is true that there are many Ways and the writer has shrunk for a year past from saying what he has been forced to feel about the Oxford Group Movement. A mystic hesitates to oppose anything that gives to people thirsting for spiritual reality a sense of spiritual things and the movement founded by Mr. Frank Buchman finds followers everywhere. They share what they believe to be their sins in open confession, they seek for definite guidance from on high and try to change other people's lives for the better.

Sometime ago Mr. A. J. Russell wrote a book called "For Sinners Only" which I thought horrid. The fact that it has had an enormous sale does not alter my opinion. The application of the worst forms of sensational journalism to mysticism is peculiarly nauseating. Good honest vulgarity is healthy and stimulating, but the travesty of a spiritual adventure in tawdry trappings to make a good "story" in the journalist's sense is simply disgusting.

Mr. Russell has returned to the charge with another book "One Thing I Know" (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s. net). It is not much better than its predecessor, but it contains a quotation from Father Woodlock which every Buchmanite should learn by heart. Speaking of religious experiences, he said:

We look with suspicion on these vivid experiences, because they are not God's ordinary methods; particularly are we suspicious with young Christians who have not made great progress towards being unselfish. Only after the most intense suffering do some saints reach the higher stages of mysticism, which fits them to receive real visions and manifestations.

The present writer disagrees profoundly with most of Father Woodlock's ideas, but he acknowledges gratefully the wisdom of the Jesuit's insistence on the need of caution in matters of spiritual experience. When we have caught a fleeting glimpse of the Kingdom of Heaven which is within, it is natural and right that we should be carried away in a frenzy of enthusiasm, particularly when we are young. We feel that the like has never been vouchsafed to any other man and long to rush out into the streets and proclaim the glad news to all.

Then it is that heart-searching and the counsel

of the wise is needed. If we have found the truth, a wet blanket will sober us to real understanding.

"Be humble and know that you are only at the beginning of the Way, the way of quietness and pain. Your charity must begin with yourself and not with others, for you can only give to others what you yourself are."

Some such advice is what the neophyte in mysticism needs. I am afraid that the Buchman movement sends him forth to carry the good news to others, before he has learnt it himself a-right. It is much easier to cry, "I have seen the light," and tell others what they should do to have the same experience, than to sit quiet and plunge deeper and deeper into the divine self. For that is the way of suffering. Too many young men—intoxicated by a discovery that is as old as man—hurl themselves into a world of which they know nothing and in their crude ignorance of life meddle with matters that do not concern them. Spiritual prigs are more damnable than the intellectual prigs. It is from their ranks that the Sick Messiahs who cannot save because they have not saved themselves are recruited.

Their ideas of sin are strangely material and they seem to confine the divine to this world of three dimensions. Mr. Russell after a chapter or so about Fleet Street, which, I fear, will make some of his colleagues smile uncharitably, tells a story of supernatural intervention, of which the object was, if I understand him right, to provide him with a "scoop" about an unhappy murderer. If he will read Mr. Dunne's "Experiment with Time," he will see that this experience gives him no reason for assuming that unseen Powers were protecting his journalism.

"Instead of truculently tackling your neighbour at breakfast with the challenge, 'Why aren't you a Christian?' forestall his appetite by passing the marmalade." "One way to influence another . . . is by a patient and persistent series of kindnesses." This kind of thing is the worst humbug. Who would not love to clout over the head a man who passed the marmalade with an idea of religious conversion at the back of his mind and "a patient and persistent series of kindnesses" is sheer provocation to murder.

There is a crude materialism in all their ideas of life. They are terribly worried with the sins of the flesh, to which Christ was always merciful, and rarely show any realisation of the importance of motive. Mr. Russell is comically convinced that gambling is a sin, because it is "a challenge thrown in the face of God." It affirms that we know the future which God has purposely hidden from us, except when He reveals that something which His servants need to know." Every day in his life Mr. Russell has perpetually to act as if he knew the future, and the highest of all mystics could hardly claim that he was directed in all his actions by the divine within. Gambling in certain circumstances may be a sin, but the circumstances, not the adventure, make it wrong.



# A Debate on Survival

By Osbert Burdett

**W**RITING is the art of persuasion: so much so that the convincing writer is less often he who can advance the most cogent arguments than he who chooses the argumentative path most congenial to the temper of his readers. We affect others in proportion to our understanding of their temper, for unless this be understood, the process of reasoning will antagonise since it is by first touching the feelings that a sympathetic hearing is won. This is never more true than in matters of controversy, and I think it is the neglect of this simple rule which (its historical chapters excepted) makes "The Future Life," a collection of addresses on immortality by ten familiar professors, preachers, and authors, on the whole a disappointment (Martin Hopkinson, 3s. 6d.).

While it was not to be expected that any new arguments on either side, could be advanced upon an issue that has occupied mankind since it began to think, we may wonder that none of the ten contributors with the exceptions of Mr. Christopher Dawson and Professor Kemp Smith, in his or her presentment over the wireless seems to allow for the attitude of the majority of their listeners. In these days, it seems safe to assume that all but a few will consider the question of immortality to be idle: to be either insoluble, disproved by "science," or beyond the reach of reason, or a superstition quaintly revived by "spiritualists," or manifestly absurd. The Christians who listen to such discussions must do so for reasons quite apart from the hope of gaining any light from such debates. If this be the mood on which any spokesman has to count, then surely his procedure is clear. He will allow sympathetically for this attitude of mind at the beginning, and see what follows from it. He will not increase its assurance by advancing with arguments which it will not think it worth while to attend to. Yet these contributors have one thing in common. Almost all put up pleas for immortality—from the "God is Love" of Miss Maude Royden to the imminence of Professor Haldane—but not even Professor Julian Huxley, who affirms nothing but our total ignorance, probes the situation of a man—if immortality be, as it were, prohibited.

Yet this way of looking at the matter has two advantages. It will be sympathetic to the multitude. It was also the way in which the discussion proceeded until the immortality of the soul became a dogma, or thing taught, by the Christian Church. If we consider the history of man's belief in this matter before the authority in which he trusted decided it for him, we see how the arguments arose; and, now that confidence in that authority has waned in Protestant countries, we have reverted to the uncertainty that troubled men before Christianity dispelled it. This uncertainty is the first fact to seize. Materialism seems so obvious to a thoughtless man that one would suppose it widely satisfying. The interesting fact is that, despite the physical finality

of death, this has proved unsatisfactory to mankind. Why does physical extinction not content him? Because he has metaphysical properties too.

"Whether God be?" is the first, the old, question to be decided, since our opinion of the constitution of man depends upon our conception of the universe that includes him, and *vice versa*. Since we are thinking beings, we infer our universe to be rational. Reason also infers that an effect cannot transcend its cause, that the less must proceed from the greater, that a thinking personality must be the creation of a personality who thinks. We are aware both of matter and mind; thought can distinguish between them. In man it observes matter to be animated by that which, functioning indeed through matter, is not bound wholly by it. The two can be conceived apart, and we cannot prove that the destruction of the one involves the destruction of the other. The possibility, then, that the soul, the animating principle, may survive the death of the body, cannot be escaped. Will and some intelligence we share with the animals; but, unlike them, we can contemplate ourselves, and this contemplation occurs through such faculties of the soul as reason, reflection, memory and imagination. These qualities are as real as the matter of our bodies, and their curious property is to make us discontented with this life, and most contented when, by their means, we are projected into a sphere which seems to belong to them and is, presumably, that of the source from which they come to us.

They take us out of space and out of time into that which we call eternity—which is not the prolongation of time, but a condition outside it. When Our Lord was on earth He gave a very interesting definition: "This is life eternal that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Eternal life, then, consists in this knowledge: a present thing; and if it transcends space and time even on earth, it should transcend their temporality and spatiality at death. He told us also that his Father was not the God of the dead but of the living, and he proved this to Christians by his own Resurrection, which was not an argument, but a demonstration of His words. Ever since, though the old arguments remain, unphilosophic men have preferred to affirm or deny the immortality of the soul by affirming or denying the fact of His resurrection.

From negation what follows?

If we reject the notion of immortality, we must wonder why we possess qualities that cannot be satisfied here, what use they can be, and what their meaning or purpose is. It is no use to say that Evolution explains them, for evolution only offers an hypothesis of growth. It is the name of a process. The process is growth, and that things grow is not the cause of their growing!

All I have suggested here is that people who are interested in such matters should realise two facts. First, in the fatigued air of to-day, begin



with the scepticism and materialism that is all around you; assume both to be true. Second, this done, you will realise that equal difficulties begin; difficulties every whit as great as those of the defenders of immortality. The whole thing hinges on the great question, *Utrum Deus sit*—

whether God be? To this question there have never been more than two answers. No, which at first seems easy, as Bacon observed. Yes, which on second thoughts begins to seem probable, when we realise how much materialism leaves not only unexplained but unaccountable.

## The Great Duke of Marlborough

**T**IMES have changed since Dr. Johnson could observe that "a peace will equally leave the warrior and the relater of wars destitute of employment." In fact the relation of wars in times of peace is now more popular than ever, and when a historian of the Great War turns back two centuries and more to study the generalship of one of the greatest of soldiers, it is a fair conjecture that the public taste must have changed. Nor is it only the professional soldier who is nowadays expected to study military history. Mr. Hilaire Belloc in "The Tactics and Strategy of the Great Duke of Marlborough" (Arrowsmith, 10s. 6d.) professes to write for the general reader.

For writing such a monograph Mr. Belloc has many qualifications, more particularly a wide knowledge of military history and an intimate knowledge of the topography of the battles which he has chosen for analysis. He describes and comments on six operations in which Marlborough took a leading part, beginning with Blenheim in 1704 and ending with the forcing of the lines of Flanders and Artois in 1711. He shows Marlborough's strategic and tactical skill, and he illustrates that genius in grasping a situation rapidly and that ability to create the organisation for victory which make Marlborough comparable with Napoleon.

It is with the general principles emphasised by Mr. Belloc rather than with the details of these actions that the general reader must be concerned. Nor does this apply only to such matters as Marlborough's eminence in the field. There are subsidiary questions, such as that of dual command—in the French army at Oudenarde, for example, or when Marlborough and Louis of Baden, by a fantastic arrangement, commanded the allied armies on alternate days in the Blenheim campaign—which are of perpetual interest. But there are times when Mr. Belloc forgets that the general reader may not understand his frequent allusions to other campaigns and such events as Trasimene, or Wattignies, or what Francis I. did in the Col d'Argente.

Above all Mr. Belloc is a student of military topography. The fact that he uses his knowledge for the greater glory of Marlborough may justify him. But it does not make his book any the easier for his readers. Nor does he quote authorities, and one thereby misses the opportunity of weighing evidence. For instance, he insists that one must not write of Ramillies, "as too many have written, as though it was a mere elementary shifting of troops from one end of the line to the other behind

cover of an obvious hill." Marlborough, he maintains, gave there a unique proof of his rapidity and exactitude of judgment; Villeroy failed to observe the transfer of Marlborough's cavalry from one flank to the other; and it is only now that the way in which that transfer was carried out is explained. But more evidence is wanted before one can accept the theory that Villeroy's observation and intelligence were hopelessly at fault.

The plans in the book are a distinctive feature, in some cases effectively combining topography and description of the events of the battle. A good example of that is one of the plans of Ramillies; but the mapmaker has turned Autre Eglise into Notre Eglise and does not show the position of the Tomb of Ottomond, that landmark to which indeed Mr. Belloc makes but one reference in his elaborate account of the battlefield.

On the two hundredth anniversary of the battle the reviewer visited Ramillies and surveyed the scene from the summit of that historic mound of Ottomond. A thick copse had just been felled on the mound. Wondering how much the countryside had been changed by two centuries of cultivation he made his way back to the station. There an enterprising station-master offered to sell him, as a souvenir of the battle of Ramillies, a shell about the size and probably about the date of the pom-pom shells which had been used in the South African war. When that offer had been rejected, there was a hint of "some poor fellow's skull" being available; but the local Peterkin had evidently not been at work and the tourist was allowed to depart without a souvenir. Such things do not help to recreate the distant scene. But how much imagination is wanted by him who attempts that task? Mr. Belloc assumes, in the case of Ramillies, that "the field to-day is very much what it was then." He may be right, but there can be very little of what is now Belgium that has not been greatly changed in the past 200 years. The recurrent tides of war cannot have come and gone without leaving their mark on the land.

Mr. Belloc gets down to the fundamentals of the problem, and, if he does sometimes bewilder his reader, the "conformation, posture and continuance" (to borrow one of his phrases) of what he says are without doubt impressive. His insistence on his point of view, stressed with an occasional "I say," is in itself comforting, and suggests that he at any rate has no doubts. S.T.S.

## NEW NOVELS

Reviewed by ANNE ARMSTRONG

**P**ERHAPS Miss Arnot Robertson's greatest asset as a novelist is her honesty. But it is, as well, her safest refuge. A novel that is unquestioningly honest is sure of fairly benevolent reviews until and unless it goes beyond the bounds of what we are pleased to call decency; and I am not sure that Miss Robertson always stays this side of them. On the other hand I can remember when I read "Four Frightened People," thinking that Miss Arnot Robertson was assuredly drawing from her own experience, so realistic was her insight into her heroine's mind.

But I clearly did her an injustice and her new and latest story, "Ordinary Families" (Cape, 7s. 6d.), makes it plain that her imagination is one of the most vigorous and intelligent amongst our modern novelists. Her heroine this time is Lalage, a sea-faring daughter of a sea-faring family, and her story is the almost indecent exposure of a girl's mind. Miss Arnot Robertson has stripped her of all covering and she stands there for all the world to see. When she had the sort of thoughts that most of us have and which we hope that nobody will ever know about, Lalage brings them out into the open and airs them as much as to say, "There—that's me—take it or leave it."

I can imagine one or two of the more timid readers saying that this book has little or no discretion, but they will add, if they are anything like

as honest as Miss Robertson, that after all it is uncommonly truthful. Whether or no it is necessary to be so truthful is after all a personal decision and need not be aired on a reviewer's page.

But it is only with women that Miss Robertson is so frank. With the exception of Lalage's father—the sort of man that it would be a pleasure to own as a *paterfamilias*—her men are infinitely inferior to her women. They are either so exaggerated as to be funny or so stiff as to be frankly boring. Lalage's father is realistic because in so many things he was exactly like Lalage and in so many things so exactly the opposite. And it is not so very difficult to write the opposite or complement of a character. I cannot find praise for Miss Arnot Robertson for that.

But because of the amazing truthfulness of "Ordinary Families"; because of its vigorous and literary style; because the authoress has breathed on Lalage and made her live; I most certainly recommend her new novel as very definitely on the fringe of first-class fiction. Her argument that all families are ordinary families until you get to know them is probably true—certainly the family that she is, this time, concerned with is no ordinary family.

It will be more than interesting to see if Miss Arnot Robertson's next book is as honest and concentrated as this one.

Miss Dearden's "The Blonde Madonna," should have been written in purple ink on scarlet paper and yet let me confess that I had to find out whether the beautiful golden-haired siren eventually captured the good-looking young Secret Service man. You know, as I knew, that she must—but you also know, as I knew, that books that have been written with purple ink on scarlet paper have to be read to the end.

George Preedy, the pen-name of a very great woman novelist, still holds her own in "The Knot Garden," a collection of fifteen stories all with an historical background. I am not sure whether these stories have been published before, but they are certainly worth the 7s. 6d. at which they have been produced by the Bodley Head.

Henry Wade (and believe me punning is not one of my major faults), has waded in with thirteen "stories of detection."

And some of them, like the curate's egg, are very good indeed.

*Dartmoor Prison*, by A. J. Rhodes (John Lane, The Bodley Head—8s. 6d. net), is "a record of 126 years of prisoner of war and convict life, 1806—1932." It is extremely readable, even if the facts recited are not particularly new. There are excellent stories of escapes and a sympathetic consideration for those who succeeded and who failed, while the French and American prisoners have their meed of attention. But the most valuable chapters in the book are those devoted to the great and recent mutiny, of which a full, just, and impartial account is given.

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## London's Thousand Faces

WHEN the Englishman travels to a foreign capital and takes his first drive round in an old fiacre, he sometimes experiences the exhilaration of seeing with a new vision. On his own capital, however, he looks with common-place eyes.

Mr. Massingham is an exception. In "London Scene" (Cobden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.) he is in search of the spirit of London and he writes with great understanding, vividness and humour. His book is a lineal descendant of "Wold Without End," published last year. Whereas in that the Cotswold stone formed the tone-rhythm for all the elements of Cotswold life, in London he is tantalised in his search for some organic whole, and decides that London's charm lies in its multiplicity.

Mr. Morton's book "A London Year" (Methuen, 5s.) deals with society London, and is a guide for the débutante or an apéritif for the American tourist and the inhibited bourgeoisie.

The two books are similar in form, being divided into months of the year, but otherwise they are strange companions and make an ill-assorted marriage. "London Year" is the gay and facetious young wife, who likes to be seen at all social functions, while "London Scene" wanders in unfrequented places and is happy to find solitude in the myriad-faced capital. Though they live in the same town they hardly ever meet, except occasionally at Kew or to watch a poor man feed gulls on the embankment, and in every case their reactions are entirely different.

Mr. Morton's book is a revised reprint of a 1926 publication and is heavy with tradition and pageantry. It describes the King opening Parliament, the Royal Academy, the Fourth at Eton, etc., and through all the functions move healthy English girls with their hair blowing and a litter of puppies at their feet, Mr. Morton mentions things that Mr. Massingham would never notice, as, for instance, that at the Chelsea Flower Show the King wore his trousers creased down the side, as King Edward used to wear them. No wonder the book has led a "prosperous existence" in America.

Mr. Massingham writes, not as a guide to famous places, but as an observer of life. He believes: "The conscious pilgrim misses London every time; as the seeker after happiness never fails to be looking for it round the next corner. London's beauties come unsought, out of its very planlessness, its chaos of effects, and incoherence of enterprise."

The author has spent much of his life, as he says, "among the grave-yards of the past." Every now and again there crops up some attractive collector's item, such as that Inigo Jones laid out Lincoln's Inn Fields to the exact dimensions of the Great Pyramid, but on the whole he ignores the London of the antiquary. He is not interested in things just because they are old, but only as a commentary on new London, as "the generating station of the present."

He demands new forms to express the new age, and one of his pet aversions is Sir Reginald Blomfield and his "tumid archaisms." "If the new buildings come to uproot a Georgian street let them at least be new, not cowardly compromises with Corinthian pillars, Augustan floral ornaments and the like."

The author has an attractive dislike of officialdom in relation to architecture, the uninspired laying out of flower beds in the parks, the choice of pictures and the lack of courtesy shown by magistrates to prostitutes, whose fines help to swell legal salaries. There is, too, a charming satire of the B.B.C. with its waiting room full of sham books and a bust of George Washington on the mantel shelf.

Some of the best passages are those dealing with birds and flowers. About pictures Mr. Massingham does not know so much and quotes Mr. Wilenski rather unblushingly, but he has a delightful commentary on Mr. Egg's "Past and Present" in the Tate Gallery.

It is a really exceptional book and is beautifully written, except for a few archaisms which are rather similar in genus to those that the author objects to so much in architecture.

GORDON WATERFIELD.

*Jottings of a Vagabond.* By E. M. Beardsley. Elliot Stock. 4s. 6d.

Mr. Beardsley's vagabondage does not take him far afield, but he writes, without pretension but with a certain artless distinction, mainly about Oxford and Italy. With a few attractive drawings in pen or pencil.

## FIRST ATLANTIC FLIGHT

By Husband and Wife

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## CORRESPONDENCE

## Still Shakespeare

SIR,—I have been deeply interested, and not a little astonished, by Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth's reply to my article on the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Committee and its £125,000. Like yourself, I should be glad to know to what extent Mr. Whitworth's remarkable and, to me, wholly irrational opinions represent the agreed policy of the Committee of which he is Secretary.

I have followed the history of this body pretty closely since its formation at a meeting in the Lyceum Theatre 25 years ago. I can find no single fact which would entitle Mr. Whitworth to say that my suggestion of the training of a company in a theatre leased for the purpose as a preparation for the building of a National Theatre would be against the desires of the late Sir Carl Meyer, whose brief deed of gift has no contrary reference, and whose personal wishes were known to be capable of the broadest interpretation.

If Mr. Whitworth studies his precedents, he will find that the real crux lies not in the late Sir Carl Meyer's stipulations but in those of the late Mr. Badger and of the Venetian Municipality, whose gifts were made expressly for a Shakespeare Memorial, which should ultimately be a solid and visible affair.

The point in Mr. Whitworth's letter which is to me most startling is his apparent suggestion that we are to contemplate a National Theatre—definitely built as a Shakespeare Memorial—in which Shakespeare should not be produced in a way to appeal to Shakespearean "scholars." Mr. Whitworth says that this would be a "luxury" and would not be "national."

It seems to me that Mr. Whitworth is simply committing the elementary blunder of mixing up the idea of cheap theatres for popular-price spectacular productions, which might be desirable rivals to the cinema in the suburbs and provinces, with the creation of a high standard of acting and right production of plays, many of which are of an essentially "intimate" order, in one central theatre, let the price of seats be large or small. If the productions are worthy, the audience will be there right enough, whatever the price.

Mr. Whitworth's contention that the Committee he serves must contentedly regard itself as having "failed" in "one half" of its purpose can only have some meaning which he does not see fit to reveal. To which "half" does Mr. Whitworth refer? Does he mean that Shakespeare is on one side and the National Theatre on the other? If so, and if Mr. Whitworth represents the entire Committee in this, its condition of mind is not to be envied.

The idea of a National Theatre, set up as a Shakespeare Memorial, where Shakespeare is not to be produced at all, would be farcical. Yet this is apparently envisaged. It is clear that Shakespeare will have to be the main thing in any National Theatre, worthy of the name, and that if Shakespeare is to be produced it must be done as well as possible. Moreover, as the Committee has—apart from its subsidising of Stratford—achieved nothing as yet either way, the notion of its having failed in one "half" more than another is peculiarly futile.

I am glad to find that Sir Archibald Flower is in substantial agreement with me as to the need for "doing something" before making an appeal. The exact amount of the subsidy to the Stratford company can easily be verified by reference to the books of the Committee. The figure will be found, I am certain, nearer to my estimate than to Sir Archibald's.

It astonishes me, however, that Sir Archibald seems to share Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth's insensate desire to shirk the responsibility of producing Shakespeare. He, too, confronts us with the prospect of a National Theatre company actually debarred from appearing in Shakespeare's plays, the supreme asset of our national drama, in the presentation of which the world looks to us—as yet in vain—to supply a worthy standard. This, too, in spite of the express stipulation in the founding resolu-

tion, which I have before me, that the fund should be devoted to a "Shakespeare Memorial Theatre."

People unaware of Sir Archibald's high sense of fairness, might be tempted to fancy that the possibility of London rivalling his own Stratford-upon-Avon as the centre of national Shakespearean production had entered his thoughts.

The suggestion that the task of training a Shakespearean company should not be begun at once because it would "take years" comes directly from Sydney Smith's "Noodle's Oration." It must be begun some time, if it is to be begun at all. Why not now?

Ingomar, Bournemouth.

HUGH LIDDON.

## Lord, Lord

SIR,—I send you a simple plan for the reform of the House of Lords. Spare us a shoddy Continental or American Senate. Lord is a good old English name for one in authority. Repeal the Parliament Act. Fix their number at 200 or 300—what you will. Let half be elected by the hereditary peers, whose number also will have to be fixed, to prevent the swamping of their electorate. Let half be nominated by the Government of the day for life, to ensure independence. This will sufficiently represent public opinion. To start with, half to be nominated by the government and half by the opposition. Life peers to rank as barons, when holding a higher rank.

GILBERT E. MOULD.

The Grange, Kimberworth.

## Speed and Commerce

SIR,—As an apostle of speed as a sport, or for its own sake, Mr. Kaye Don will always command attention and respect. When, however, he speaks of Commerce, or of the Navy, he speaks, not as a professional man, but as a not too well-informed layman.

He says, "he who delivers the goods quickest gets the most orders." This post-war fallacy is largely responsible for our decline at sea. Punctuality of delivery, and cheap freights, are the all important factors. Mr. Dalgleish, late President of the Chamber of Shipping, has recently confirmed our claim that 9–10 knots is the ideal economic speed for goods transport at sea.

The speed craze in the Navy, inaugurated by the late Lord Fisher, proved ineffectual in the late war, and in recent years has distorted the design of our Men-of-War and led to the waste of millions of the taxpayers' money.

BERNARD ACWORTH.

Hayling Island.

## In Praise of Bombing

SIR,—I hold exactly the same opinion as Captain Balfour. No international agreement will be of any use whatever when the next great war comes.

Each combatant will, by every means—poison gas included—try to worst his opponent.

With our Imperial responsibilities, and the safeguarding of this island, it would be madness and suicidal to agree to put aerial bombing out of bounds. Why? Because I am perfectly certain we should be the only Power who would honour its bond, and thus find ourselves fatally handicapped in the struggle.

We must do our very utmost to prevent the short-sighted dreamers, both in and outside the Government, trying to build within the Empire a "fool's paradise."

House of Commons, S.W.1.

W. A. WAYLAND.

SIR,—Captain Balfour puts his case very happily. As a, perhaps, slightly cynical observer of the antics of the persons who disport themselves at Geneva and elsewhere, I must confess that I am entirely befogged by the arguments of the opponents of policing aeroplanes. They are against air-bombing because it is (1) barbarous, and (2) because, if we retain our air squadrons, other countries will claim the right to retain theirs.

Apart from the fact that all war is barbaric, and that there may be a doubt as to whether it is more barbaric to drop bombs in an area of unrest, after giving due warning, than to plug shells from an accurately sighted

gun into defined parts of that area, I cannot understand how the tender hearts of the humanitarians are unwrung by the knowledge that punitive expeditions conducted by ground forces must inevitably result in a tremendously higher death-rate on both sides. Are they by any chance able to find comfort in the thought that, in any event, our own forces must suffer heavily?

Financial considerations, of course, do not weigh with them; and it may be that they have in their minds, as a subsequent move, the attainment of a position of affairs in which any half-demented tribesman who breaks loose upon civilisation will be invited to submit his grievances to the League, and have them decided upon by the impartial judgment of those gentlemen at Geneva who are so befogged by the air of conferences that they believe that ruffianism can be suppressed by words.

The second argument bothers me not because it is unsound in itself, although one would have thought that the use of police bombers would not be incapable of delimitation, and that where a good case could be made out it might be admitted without any great risk, but because it is tacked on to the first argument. The connection is obscure. Either argument might stand by itself, but when they are presented together they give one the impression of advocacy hard put to it to make a case.

It is a pity that the Anti-Police Bombers do not take more kindly to the air. It would seem to be their natural element.

House of Commons, S.W.1.

WILLIAM NUNN.

### The German Peril

SIR,—Mr. Czarnowski, in your issue of 15th July, regards my statement in your previous issue that "Poland is ready, if not anxious, to precipitate another European war" as a libel on his country. I would plead guilty if the sentence from which he quotes had stopped there, but it ran on "in defence of her Silesian and Corridor acquisitions."

Mr. Czarnowski cannot, I think, intend to deny that Poland would fight "in defence" of those acquisitions; if so, there has been a notable change of feeling since I last discussed this question with many of his countrymen, including Mr. Czarnowski himself. I should, indeed, be the last to condemn a high-spirited people like the Poles, very conscious of their nationalism after a long period of subjection, for fighting, if attacked, in defence of territory which, rightly or wrongly, many of them doubtless now regard as essential to their existence as an independent State.

But no Foreign Office or War Office in Europe believes that Germany will permanently submit to the present imposed conditions or that she will not ultimately resort to war unless a substantial mitigation of them has been obtained by negotiation. Poland's appreciation of this explains her recent agreement with Russia for access (*inter alia*) to a Southern Russian port in the event of war with Germany, in itself an admission of the military uselessness of Gdynia on the Baltic. Sooner or later, the illusion that Poland must have an independent outlet to the sea at the expense of Germany will inevitably cause a European war. She could have had every facility needful to her economic development guaranteed to her by treaty without the absurdity of cutting off East Prussia and creating a so-called "Free State" out of the very German city of Danzig. In time of peace this would have been economically preferable to the creation of a new port with its new railway connections. In the case of war with Germany it would have been worth no more than the illusory independent port which, with access to it, Germany could certainly close at once, whatever the ultimate result of the war.

I hope Mr. Czarnowski will accept my assurance that I did not intend to accuse Poland of being anxious to precipitate an unprovoked war, although, obviously, if war is inevitable, the passage of time is likely to tell against Poland as Germany's present inferiority in armaments is equalised.

The intransigent Polish attitude—"Revision means war"—cannot be justified by the Treaty itself, which clearly contemplated, and provided for, possible revision.

ERNEST REYNANT.

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## CHURCH ARMY FRESH AIR HOMES



## CITY.—BY OUR CITY EDITOR

**T**HE strength of the new 3 per cent. Austrian International guaranteed loan may prove puzzling to those who are naturally imbued with distrust of all mid-European "International" finance, but it must be remembered that the new loan is guaranteed as to principal and interest and also, it is generally understood, as to the sinking fund, by the British Government and therefore comes under the category of "British Funds." The Austrian Government is extremely fortunate to be able to secure the advantage of borrowing under the aegis of the British Treasury upon little over a 3 per cent. basis; the portion of this International loan, floated in France, was much less well received even though it carried a  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. yield, and those sections of the loan taken up in other centres had to bear a still higher rate of interest. The new loan quickly commanded a premium of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  points over the issue price of 96 and it is of little interest to the ordinary investor as the yield is only just over 3 per cent. flat or  $\pounds 3$  2s. per cent. allowing for redemption. It compared, however, very favourably at its issue price with conversion 3 per cents. and the new loan was therefore eagerly sought after by banks and other financial houses. It was subscribed some fifteen times over, but the small "stags" were doomed to disappointment in their premium-hunting for no allotment was made to applicants for less than  $\pounds 500$ .

### Electricity Debentures

In the consideration of investments of a "safety-first" nature, the prior charge stocks of electric supply companies must be placed among the first-class securities available, if only by reason of the steady progress of the industry during recent years. Throughout the period of the "boom," 1926-29, electric supply companies' shares were hoisted to exalted levels on rumours of mergers and amalgamations, but, despite the disappointment which was occasioned to some holders of the ordinary shares through the absence of any fancy offer for their holding, share prices were maintained throughout the long period of the subsequent slump in a manner which no other section of the stock markets could boast. This was entirely by reason of the maintenance of earnings at a time when the revenue of other utility undertakings and industrial concerns was on the decline.

Thus we find that the debenture stocks of the leading electric supply concerns are regarded as almost gilt-edged securities, though the yields obtainable on them are still sufficiently high to look attractive against War Loan with its yield of only a bare  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The investor of a moderate sum, say  $\pounds 10,000$ , can obtain a yield of over 4 per cent. from electricity supply debentures. About  $\pounds 5,000$  of the London Power Company 5 per cents are available at  $111\frac{1}{4}$  to yield  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The company supplies power in bulk to nine constituent London companies. The con-

stituent companies' dividends are regulated by sliding scale under the London Electricity (No. 2) Act, 1925, under which the London Power Company works. In 1932 net revenue covered the debenture interest nearly twice. There is also on offer  $\pounds 5,000$  of Edmundson's Electricity Corporation 4 per cent. debentures at  $101\frac{1}{4}$ , to yield  $\pounds 3$  18s. 9d., the yield on these two offerings of stock together being, therefore, well over 4 per cent. Edmundson's is a holding concern controlling or being financially interested in some 60-70 electricity supply undertakings. The company's earnings have progressively increased, and the accounts for the year to March 31 last showed the debenture interest to be covered nearly four times, so that the yield is not unduly low for such a security.

Other stocks on offer include  $\pounds 2,000$  of West Gloucestershire Power Company  $5\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. debenture, which at 108 yields  $\pounds 5$  1s. 9d. per cent., an excellent return which is explained by the fact that the company is still in the development stage. It has, however, a record of progress since its formation in 1922 and supplies an area of some 670 square miles in Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire, including the coalfields of the Forest of Dean. It has a "selected" station at Lydney which, it is expected, will be connected this year to the Central Electricity Board's lines. In the preference list a yield of over  $5\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. is also obtainable from Jerusalem Electric and Public Service Corporation 7 per cent. preference shares, which at 25s. 3d. return nearly  $\pounds 5$  11s. per cent. About 3,400 are on offer. The company was formed in 1928, and the concession extends at any rate till 1972. The last accounts showed the preference dividend to be covered with sufficient margin for an allocation of  $\pounds 5,000$  to reserve.

### Gold Mining Shares

The activity displayed during the past week or two in gold mining shares seems to be the natural outcome of returning confidence in this market, following the establishment of the European "gold bloc" ensuring a Central Bank market for the metal, and the rising price of gold in the market to around 125s. per ounce fine. This is, of course, the sterling price for gold, but since the South African pound is now at par with sterling it is the price which determines the profits of the mines, subject, of course, to the excess taxation imposed by the Union Government. This cannot be fully estimated until the results for a full year under its working are available, but the general impression is that the excess taxation will prove to be less onerous than has been expected. Hence the steady buying of Kaffirs, and particularly of Central Mining, Gold Fields, Union Corporation, Johannesburg Consolidated and the other Finance shares is probably well justified. But the big rises in West Australian gold mines and in West Africans, of which only two or three are as yet actual producers (the others being in the development stage), are the outcome of purely speculative buying of a kind with which none but the very best informed should be concerned.



# FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

*The Girl in 419.* Directed by George Somner and Alexander Hall. Plaza.

*Storm at Daybreak.* Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. Empire.

**C**HANGES in the cinema industry over Bank Holiday were few and, though the fine weather must have had a serious effect upon the attendances at all of them, only the two big houses, who rarely break their policy of altering their programme every week, provided fresh fare. Neither of the two new films is in any way outstanding, but, "The Girl in 419," at the Plaza, is competently told, compactly acted and nicely directed.

The plot hinges on the old familiar enigma, the silent witness. Those who see "the noble art of murdering" put into practice on the screen, are invariably beautiful, but as a rule they keep silence for more extraordinary reasons than mere fright. Mary Doland, however, will have nothing to do with police protection and, preferring to rely solely on the efforts of the doctor at the emergency hospital where she has been taken in a coma and an ambulance, nearly succeeds in getting the place turned into a butcher's shop.

Her continued silence provides the villains with time to work out means whereby she may be taken away from the ward, but the doctor and his friend outwit them so cunningly that I am doubtful whether an audience will grasp all the threads which the last reel of the picture tries to disentangle, but whether the solution is patent or not there is no doubt about the happy ending. More interesting than the story is the appearance of James Dunn; who manages to invest the lines with which he is provided with a certain sincerity and succeeds in portraying a decent young man better than the majority of the other American screen actors.

The picture at the Empire, "Storm at Daybreak," is cast in a moulding which is only too well-known in this country. When Hollywood decides to become sentimental, they do it with such relish that nothing can prevail against the tide of unreality. "Storm at Daybreak" is as good an example as any of this characteristic and, from the highfaluting beginning to the abysmal ending, there is hardly one sincere foot in the film. What is worse than that is that three players, who have all given first rate performances many times before descend to the depths of fustian acting along with the crude plot. With Kay Francis, Nils Asther and Walter Huston one should be able to guarantee a good performance, but even Walter Huston succumbs after very little resistance and Nils Asther doesn't resist at all.

Next week holds out the promise of better things. First of all, the screen version of "Bitter Sweet" opens at the Carlton. This has been produced and directed by Mr. Herbert Wilcox and Ivy St. Helier will play her original part. Peggy Wood is replaced by Anna Neagle. Secondly there is Lilian Harvey's first American picture "My Lips Betray" and lastly, at the Coliseum, there is a picture, sponsored by the British Social Hygiene Council, which deals with social ills, entitled "Damaged Lives."

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1. Snare set by wag to catch some heedless friend.
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3. "The whole caboodle, stranger!" not a part.
4. May harm the cause that we have most at heart.
5. If this it is, we cannot hope to see it.
6. Our orator has promised not to be it.
7. Wicket! Iniquitous! One-third retain.
8. Curtail a country such as poets feign.
9. Who're fond of this, cry: *Vive la bagatelle!*
10. Lost to all virtue, as the fiends of hell.

## SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 47.

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A		l	B	i
C	u	r	A	
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\* See "Paradise Lost," Book 12, 386-465.

The winner of Acrostic No. 46 was Mr. Richard Wilson to whom a book will be sent.

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## Broadcasting Notes

ONE of the most interesting programmes next week should be "The Game," a new play by Philip Wade (Aug. 22nd., 8.25 p.m., National, and Aug. 23rd., 9.15 p.m., Regional). Rumour has it that this is the best play Wade has written so far. If it is better than "Oranges and Lemons" it will be well worth hearing, if it is better than "Family Tree" it will be very good indeed. In my opinion Wade is one of the few young writers who is contributing anything new to radio drama. Du Garde Peach, of course, still goes from strength to strength, and he is wise enough, when he has an evening play "on the stocks," to keep his hand in by writing for the Children's Hour. Wade, I believe, would be wise to follow this excellent example. There is no fear that his contributions would not be welcome; the Children's Hour at least is always on the look out for new authors.

For the rest, Tyrone Guthrie, after two well-deserved successes in "Squirrel's Cage" and

"The Flowers Are Not for You to Pick" has forsaken the microphone for the Stage, and is going to the Old Vic. as producer. He is a great loss to radio drama since he has imagination and a thorough grasp of microphone technique.

Laurie Devine made an extremely successful debut with "Stardust and Sawdust" and is obviously capable of becoming a really good writer, but so far we have heard no more of her. There are at least two other authors who are turning out consistently good stuff, but since they are both writing for the Children's Hour their work does not come under the notice of the evening programme builders. (Query: How many members of Productions Department have even the haziest notion of what goes on between 5.15 and 6.0 p.m.?) They are Franklyn Kelsey and Arthur Davenport.

Wade is too modest to be as surprised as I am that his "Family Tree" is not included in the forthcoming festival of Radio Drama. There is no doubt, however, that his play is considerably better than at least three of these which have been selected, one of which has no business there at all. If there is a similar festival in the future I am confident that "The Game" will qualify for inclusion.

ALAN HOWLAND.

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